

BERTIE AND HIS HONEYMOON

By JOHN WORNE

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph H. Bowles)

"Now you've done it," said Bertie, reproachfully, leaning back in the carriage, as they drove off to the station.

"Done what?" asked Eva.

"Married me," said Bertie.

"You suggested it," said Eva.

"Who was the fellow who said a lot of foolish things and never did a wise one?"

"Whoever he was he probably held his tongue for the first half hour of his honeymoon."

For a few minutes there was peace and love.

Eva broke the silence. "I wish you were not quite so conceited, dear."

"Is that quite fair? You know I have always admitted everything you have said about my nose. My affection of conceit is but a cloak to my rank humility."

"And a very good one, too," said Eva.

"Very well," said Bertie; "very well. If one's own wife—"

The expression was so novel and delightful that they joined in emphasizing it in the usual way.

"If one's own wife—" Bertie continued.

"People can see in at the windows," said Eva, moving further away from him.

"All right; we're married."

"How are they to know?"

That seemed reasonable.

"If one's own wife sees through one, he went on in an injured tone, 'where on earth is one safe?'

"And if one's wife doesn't see through one, who on earth is there to improve one by frank criticism?"

"Oh!" said Bertie, "you married me to improve me."

"I did not altogether despise."

"This is a pretty state of things," said Bertie; and again, "this is a pretty state of things."

"I marry a wife," he moaned, "and suddenly, without warning, she suggests that she can improve me. Never before has anybody suggested that I could be improved."

"Was it so hopeless?"

He stared blankly out of the window.

"We can still be friends," she said.

"Friends!" he echoed. "Friends! That it should come to this, that it should come to this!"

"Need you say everything twice; need you say everything twice?" she murmured, drearily.

"I thought many things, but I never thought we should be friends."

"Things often turn out better than we expect."

The carriage drew up. He looked out. "This seems very like a railway station. Where are you thinking of going for your honeymoon?"

"I was thinking of Sir John Wardlaw's little place near Torquay."

"Really," he said with some show of interest. "How awfully jolly. May I get you a ticket?"

"Thank you very much. And one for my maid."

He went to the booking office and was back in a few minutes with the tickets.

"Thank you," she said. "And where are you thinking of going for your honeymoon?"

"I? Oh, I haven't quite made up my mind. A run down to Margate perhaps—a little whiff of the briny—as married men say."

Him man, Samson, came up at the moment to mention that the luggage was all in.

"Who told you to put mine in this train?"

Samson expressed no surprise, but admitted that he had done it on his own initiative, misled by recent events into a false inference of fact.

"It is very good of you," said Eva, "to come and see me off like this."

"Not at all," said Bertie, "anybody in my position would have done as much and more."

Bertie raised his hat with a cheerful smile and the train was gone.

He turned round and found Samson sitting on the largest portmanteau, scratching his worried head. "Is anybody likely now," asked Bertie, "to mistake us for a newly-married pair?"

"No, sir; but if that was the object, sir, ain't the means to it rather strong?"

Bertie took a turn up and down the platform.

"When is the next train to Torquay?" he asked, abruptly.

Samson replied with alacrity: "Four thirty-nine, sir."

"Three-quarters of an hour," Bertie grumbled. "Get tickets." He had decided to forgive her. At last the 4:39 was ready to start. Bertie approached the guard and gave him half a crown.

"That is for you," he said, "if you promise to do your best to overtake the 3:27 before it gets to Exeter."

It was a magnificent race. The 3:27 had had little more than an hour's start, and, of course, saw no special reason for unusual hurry. The staff of the 4:39 were bent on earning each man his share of the half a crown.

As they swept shrieking through Swindon Bertie caught a glimpse of a handsome girl standing in the lamp-light by a pile of luggage on the up platform. The vision went like a flash. He leaped back and rushed for the guard. He saw it all. It was Eva, who had got out at the first stopping place and was now waiting for the next train back to town.

"This train must be stopped," said Bertie, hurriedly, but firmly.

The guard said he was sorry, but—"I tell you this train must be stopped at once. Where is the engine driver? Every second means miles."

The guard acknowledged the compliment on behalf of the company. "It would be five pounds to do it, sir."

"Then I will have five pounds' worth," exclaimed Bertie, dancing about.

"Very good, sir," said the guard, deliberately folding the note and placing it in his official portfolio. "Very good, sir; we are now some ten miles from Swindon and you can walk back along the line if nobody notices you. I will signal to the driver."

"Huh! Who?" said Bertie, pausing in his frenzy. "Perhaps I had better go on to Exeter."

It was about 11:30 that evening when a weary and indignant figure presented itself at the police station which supplies Portman Square.

The superintendent was an old friend.

"Good evening, sir," he said, genially. "What can I do for you this time?"

"Lend me a uniform," said Bertie. This was done without difficulty. Anybody in need will always find the police most accommodating.

Shortly afterwards a policeman with a large helmet which came down over his eyes and an overcoat with a collar which, turned up, covered his mouth and chin, knocked loudly at the door of the house where Eva's father lived. John looked out into the night.

"I understand that Mrs. Bertie Pilkingham is within, ho!" growled the policeman.

"Yes, sir," said John; "and they're all a-wonderin' what you mean by leaving her to go on her honeymoon by herself, sir."

"Aha! foiled on the threshold," said the policeman; "here's a sovereign for you. Show me in if they haven't gone to bed."

"Shall I take your coat and hat, sir?"

"How the deuce am I going to disguise myself?"

"Beggin' pardon, sir; didn't notice they was a disguise."

So John ushered him into the drawing-room where Eva was talking things over with her parents just before going to bed. All three looked up in surprise.

"What on earth is this?" asked Mr. Rowen.

"A policeman, sir," said John.

"Good evening, sir, an' ladies," said the policeman.

"What—what is the matter?" faltered Eva.

"I've to do my duty, 'owever 'ard

photographic material. If the amateur carpenter is not clever enough to make the drawers, says the Farmers' Review, the boxes can have curtains of art serge in front of them, and they can be used for storing books, magazines, and many other treasures a boy prizes.

CALMING MOOSE.

Now Skilled Hunters Fool the Big Animals and Get Them in Range of Their Guns.

The time to call the bull moose is from the middle of September to the middle of October, and sometimes later.

It is the habit of the female at that time of the year to seek open spaces on the hills at sunset and give voice to a mellow, but far-sounding cry. This is the signal to the male, and the call is not often repeated before some shambling bull is heard crashing through the brush, his long, split hoofs rattling at every step on his way to the rendezvous.

This peculiar cry, explains the Philadelphia Press, the hunters have learned to imitate with greater or less degrees of exactness, and made it an agent for luring their game into am-

THE SHAMBLING BULL COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE BRUSH



THE DESK IN BUILDING

them on end a little way apart. Make a top to go on these, of a size so that the ends and edges will project two or three inches beyond the boxes (Fig. 1).

The top should have a rectangular piece of dark-green cloth glued to it in the manner shown (Fig. 2),

leaving three inches, or more, of the wood to show all round the cloth. The wood can be stained a walnut color, if desired.

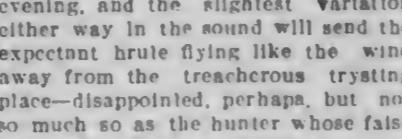
The interiors of the boxes are now to be fitted with drawers, as shown in Fig. 2, and drawer "pulls"

should be placed upon the front of these, and the whole front and sides of the boxes be stained the same color as the top.

This will make a fine writing or reading table, and the drawers will be most convenient for holding the boy's treasures—writing material, "collections" of this, that

and the other thing, his camera and

THE DESK FIXED FOR DRAWERS



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TABLE FOR BOY'S ROOM.

One with Drawers Which Can Be Readily Constructed from Plain Deal Boxes.

A table which may be used for a general "stowaway," as well as for studying and writing, is just the piece of furniture a boy needs in his room. One is shown here which any boy can make for himself. Get two plain deal boxes of equal size, and stand

them on end a little way apart.

Make a top to go on these, of a size so that the ends and edges will project two or three inches beyond the boxes (Fig. 1).

The top should have a rectangular piece of dark-green cloth glued to it in the manner shown (Fig. 2),

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Stopped His Paper.

A subscriber to the Citizen has written to us to stop sending the paper to him because of its change of policy. He says that he does not "care to aid or encourage in any way a party that has stained Kentucky's name with a darker stain than that of any other except the one which has given such careful protection to the criminals who are refugees from justice."

Now we have nothing to say in regard to the assassination of Governor Goebel except that if a party is responsible for the action of its individual members, the Democratic party has much to answer for, not only in Kentucky, but in every part of the United States. No one deprecates assassination or any other form of lawlessness more than the editor of the Citizen and those with whom he is associated, but the matter of choice of a political party is one that must be decided upon broader lines than those mentioned by our friend. When the writer cast his first presidential vote for General Hancock and, later when he voted for Mr. Cleveland, there was no one in the country more proud of the principles his party represented. But let us see what has come to pass since then. When, at the close of his first administration, Mr. Cleveland, in spite of the cowardly protests of his advisors, declared the policy of the Democratic party to be tariff for revenue with incidental protection, there was a chance for that party to place itself behind a policy that would, after the first temporary disturbance, have commanded the respect and following of the Democracy, the great common people of the United States. But when the first effort to fulfil the pledges made by the President and his party resulted in the hermaphroditic Wilson Bill, the confidence of every true Democrat in his party was betrayed. That was the beginning of the end. What has come to pass since is a matter of history before which those who follow Jefferson and the fathers must hide their heads in shame. Every article of the Hancock and Cleveland platforms has disappeared from the statement of facts, they cannot be called principles, that have been patched together since in the vain hope of enabling some hungry politicians to get their noses into the pug's trough. Sound money, a sane foreign policy, Civil Service Reform, Conservation of the Purity of the Ballot, and a Square Deal, are now Republican principles, and if there is a principle that the Democratic party leaders would not betray in the hope of enriching virtue, the world knows not of it. Even Tariff Reform, the one thing which still holds place, a small and modest one necessarily after the fiasco of the Wilson Bill and the betrayal of President Cleveland, in the party platform, is coming to be a Republican measure, and those who seek for this are seeing that the only way to secure it is through the Republican Party.

And in the state of Kentucky, those who, forgetting for a moment the broader issues of the nation, are seeking a square deal for the common people, are now convinced that the only way to secure this is through the Republican organization. And the square deal will come and will come soon. Were it not for the shameful gerrymandering of the state in the interests of the Democratic rings, it would be here now. And the Citizen, while not a political paper in any sense of the word, is now in a position in which it can speak the mind of the people on such questions as come up at every election without the charge of inconsistency being entered against it. The Citizen stands for the interest of the people as against the rings, for good citizenship as against lawlessness, for the square deal in national, state, and local affairs, for freedom from the dominance of the liquor interests of the state, and for all reforms that tend toward the Kingdom of God on earth. For the present, those responsible for the paper's policy see

in the Republican party the organization that is most likely to help in realizing these ideals. But when, if ever, that party shall desert these ideals, the Citizen holds itself free to turn against that party and seek these things where it can find them.

To Our Subscribers.

The Citizen has found it necessary, at the end of the year, and in fact every since the present editor took charge, to send out reminders to the subscribers that it takes money to run a newspaper. These reminders have met with a gratifying response on the whole, the sometimes those who have seemed to enjoy the reading of the Citizen as long as they have not been asked to pay for it have considered such courteous notes as have been sent as impositions. There have been enough of the latter to make the following fall like the gentle dew of heaven upon a fevered brow. We respectfully commend the rhyme, the good feeling, and the sterling good sense of this "pome" to all of our subscribers:

It is no fun to receive a sum
If the dunes aims to relieve it
But I must say there's a thing lost
In the Citizen with just all its costs.
And then will you believe it?
The editor now must dance a tune
For this pays up till the middle of June
So always when you need old help
Just drop a line to — Phelps.

Golden Wedding.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Rodgers, so well known in Berea from their connection with the College in its early days and their interest since, celebrated their golden wedding Wednesday night, January 21, at the home of Principal and Mrs. Noble Hill in Woodstock, Ill., where Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers are now living. A large circle of friends and acquaintances in Woodstock attended, and greetings were sent by friends at a distance. Many valuable presents were made to the bride and groom of fifty years standing, including fifty dollars in gold from friends in Berea. The Woodstock Sentinel gives a very appropriate write up of the event and a sketch of the life of Rev. and Mrs. Rodgers. All who know the aged couple, who are now spending a beautiful old age with their only daughter and her estimable husband, will join in congratulating them on their attainment of this their golden anniversary.

An Open Letter.

To the Editor of The Citizen
Dear Sir — Will you allow us a little space in your paper, that we may attempt to express our deep emotion and great gratitude to many of your readers for their loving letters and more than generous gift on the fiftieth anniversary of our married life?

We hope to write personal letters to the fifty and more friends who contributed so greatly to our happiness on this blessed occasion, but just now we have not the strength. The golden gifts were precious, but far more precious were the kind and appreciative letters. Our hearts are overflowing with gratitude to him who is perfect in love and goodness, and to the many dear friends he has raised up for us in Berea, which is dearer to us than ever. We have loved our dear friends in Berea these many years, and the place, with its College of such promise for the future, is sacred to us, but the love poured upon us so abundantly at this time greatly enlarges our hearts and we feel that we have a new capacity for affectionate esteem and loving service. As was said at the dedication of the Chapel, now we wish to live a little longer, that we may reciprocate some of our favors, and through Christ's indwelling show forth God's goodness as never before.

We thank you all, dear friends, and with new faith pray for you all, and that Berea may be a light which shall shine around the whole world. Yours respectfully,

JOHN A. R. ROGERS,
ELIZABETH L. ROGERS.
Woodstock, Ill., Jan. 27, '06.

The Colored people of Farristown, under the leadership of Rev. William Harris, have nearly completed a very commodious house of worship. Its dimensions are 50 x 36 ft. The lot and the carpentry work are paid for, and some of the cost of the lumber. The people have raised and paid about five hundred dollars. Last Sunday night Rev. A. E. Thompson, Mr. Howard Hudson, Mr. W. C. Gamble and Eugene A. Thompson held the first service in the new building. Mr. Thompson preached the sermon, and offered a dedicatory prayer. Eighty six people were present. A church will probably soon be organized. The new church and building will be a blessing to the entire community. The building is one of the largest, if not the largest, country church house anywhere near Berea.

My little boy had a terrible cough. I tried everything — cold lemons, but in vain until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The next night he was better, and by steadily improved until he was perfectly well. — Mrs. S. J. SPEEKE, Alton, Ill.

I have just been authorized to solemnize the rites of matrimony. Any one who wishes to join in wedlock will do well to call on J. S. Wilson, Berea, Ky. All calls attended to and charges reasonable.

JOSEPHUS WILSON, J. P. M. C.

For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.

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Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS.
HAIR VIGOR.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills and thus hasten recovery.

History of the Eighth Kentucky

Thrilling Story of the Part this Gallant Regiment Took in Our Civil War.

Chapter 11.

The morning of the 28th November, long before the light of day made its appearance, the echoes from "Sweet Lick Nob" resounded the music from our drums. Instantly all became astir. Much bluster, loud talking and hasty cooking, mixed with considerable profanity, was indulged in, something not unusual with new troops preparing to march. Acting Quartermaster Curtis had procured the services of a few citizens with teams and wagons for this especial march. About sunrise the regiment formed, amid music and some cheering. Every man appeared eager to be moving, as if the impression of the rebellion mainly depended on their individual exertions. Many of those scarcely recovered from measles were in the ranks with well-filled knapsacks, arms and accoutrements buckled on, scurrying to be left behind. Many were bidding hasty farewells to near and dear friends, not thinking it would be the last with so many manly, ruddy boys, in the bloom of youth. Some time was spent in ferrying the command over the Kentucky River, at White's Ferry, where many good, old, loyal fathers and tearful mothers and sisters had collected to take, perhaps, the last look at son or brother.

Noah was a dark cloud, the steady volunteer.

By freedom taught his country to revere

His home and friends a happy sad adieu.

And where dangers all his steps pursue

— Phelps.

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JOHN A. R. ROGERS,

ELIZABETH L. ROGERS.

Woodstock, Ill., Jan. 27, '06.

The threatening clouds began to show their torrents of water on us about ten o'clock a. m., and continued to pour all day. The road, principally a mud pike, soon became a liability of mud and water. At four p. m. we entered Richmond, Ky. The loyal citizens there, not only welcomed us to the spacious Court House and two large churches, but gratuitously furnished victuals to both men and officers.

The 29th the rain continued to fall.

Every soldier who drank whiskey was allowed to purchase his canteen full before starting on the march, to counteract the unhealthy effects of the inclement weather. This well meant kindness on the part of the Colonel and some other officers proved in most cases an injury to the men, as quite a number through the day used this precautionary beverage too freely while marching the thirteen miles on the Lancaster Pike. We camped near Miller's Mills, and soon had the woodland pasture of T. Burnham dotted with blazing log fires, drying our thoroughly soaked raiments. The wagons containing our Company tents met us here. The rain ceased and the thermometer went down very fast. Tents were pitched amidst a first class snow storm. Here we eat our first "hard tack." The commissioned officers held a consultation and chose from among several aspirants T. Burnham as Quartermaster, and he was soon after commissioned. The morning of the 30th, Colonel B. did considerable swearing at some of the men, whose whiskey had proved a blunder to their acuity in loading camp and garrison equipage. That evening the 8th, we marched through Lancaster, county seat of Garrard County, and camped within one and a half miles of that place. A good supply of straw made our tents quite comfortable. After dark disturbances among Mr. Robinson's chickens caused the Colonel to detail a guard, as the boys said, to prevent the minks from feasting on poultry. The first day of December we passed through Danville and encamped within two miles of town. Before dark a report was circulated through camp that the citizens of that vicinity were rebel sympathizers, consequently next morning the ground about camp was covered with feathers and occasional spots of hog hair, indicating that the men had devoured the poultry and made a fair beginning on pork. In justice to the neighborhood I will state that we afterward learned that the people were generally good Union citizens, and proved it by their conduct toward us the next October, after the rebels had been eating their chickens.

As the Christmas holidays approached a number of married men of the Eighth began to importune Colonel Barnes for furloughs to visit their families. Some had enlisted only a few days before the regiment marched from Estill Springs, and had left their domestic affairs in a very bad condition. But the wise old Colonel well knew that if he granted the married men leave of absence the boys would urgently plead to be allowed to go home to see their intrepid wives, and as it was impossible to furlough all, none were granted. As we had not yet been mustered into the United States service, a good many believed they would risk the terrors of a court martial, and on the morning of the 26th several members of Companies H and F failed to put in an appearance at roll-call. A few days after Lieutenant Cox, of Company H, proceeded to Madison and Estill Counties with orders to bring back the absenteers. Several amusing incidents occurred while the Lieutenant was collecting these fond husbands, who afterward proved to be the best and bravest soldiers.

Isaac T —, the father of several children and the husband of a good looking, shrewd woman, was supposed to be enjoying the company of his family during this snowy Christmas night. The Lieutenant cautiously approached the now happy home of the T —s. A vigilant watch-dog warned the family of an intruder. A rap on the door, followed by the inquiry if Mr. T — was at home, brought the response from a feminine voice within: "Oh, no sir! he's in Mr. Barnes' regiment." After some

parleying the Lieutenant was permitted to enter and warm himself. He then began diligent search to see if any lurking husband could be found about the premises. At last the Lieutenant said he was very sorry to have disturbed the lady, and turning to the bed recently occupied by the woman, in which lay a small sleeping specimen of the T — family, he tenderly lifted the little white headed infant out, and turning toward Mrs. T —, said: "You will please take this child." "Oh, sir, I pray you let the dear, sick child lay." The Lieutenant insisted, and she reluctantly relieved him of the precious charge. Then he lifted off the nice feather bed, and behold there lay the missing Isaac, who crawled out laughing, acknowledged that the Lieutenant had outwitted his wife, terminated his "French" furlough, and broke up the happiness of his holidays at home; though not until that cheerful but defeated woman had prepared a hot supper, which Lieutenant Cox and her husband enjoyed together before starting on their return to Lebanon.

[To be Continued.]

Some Things to Pray For.

Next Tuesday night the special Gospel meetings open. They must be given power by mighty prayer. God's people are in these days creating his help and some suggestions are here offered for the direction of their prayers:

1. Pray that Christians may be brought at once into such a condition that (1) nothing in their lives will hinder the work, and (2) that God may be able to make the fullest use of them.

2. Pray that Dr. Hubbard may come to us in "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ."

3. Pray that the hearts of the unsaved may be made ready for the truth.

4. Pray that the residents in Berea may fully share with the students in the blessing which God is to give.

5. Pray that the conversions which we expect to see may be genuine, thorough and lasting.

6. Pray that as a result of the meetings some may devote their lives to Christian work in the ministry, in mission lands, etc.

7. Pray that our adversary, the devil, may not be allowed to interfere with or hinder the work.

"Ask, and ye shall receive."

A. E. THOMSON.

A letter was received last week from Miss Leda Loer, who was at the head of the instrumental department last year, stating that she is now in Pittsburgh studying and teaching.

One Sign.

First Passenger — How do you know that they are married?

Second Passenger — She has not dropped her pocketbook or handkerchief once since she got on the train.

— Exchange.

NOTICE.

This is to notify all who know themselves indebted to me to please call and settle their accounts.

Short settlements make long friends, and of course we want to be friends and do business together in the future as we have in the past.

Respectfully,

Mrs. A. T. FISH.

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Enslaved Children.

The factory wants the child. There is little to suggest the *Magic Piper* in its whistle, yet the summons brings the children scurrying down the broken stairs of poverty and want, and the factory doors close upon them by tens of thousands, leaving their childhood outside. The factory wants the child, says a writer in *Success Magazine*, and will pay for him; the child, and often his parents, can see no value in a birthright as balanced against a little handful of silver; only the state and the disinterested public are left to care and protest. Perhaps the present attitude of tempered humanity, which still allows children of 13 to work all night and keeps boys and girls of nine from 10 to 14 hours at the spindles for wages ranging from 10 to 20 cents, will seem as incomprehensible, 100 years hence, as that past feeding of "workhouse brats" to the factories does to us. But the new measure of what is humane cannot become established unless we know clearly what is happening and how and where the children are at work. Knowing, we must care. Ruskin said: "Luxury, at present, can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold." Picture an army of 1,700,000 children, all under 15, and then realize that that army tramps, day after day, not to school and playground, but to the factories, fields, mines and workshops of these United States. One million seven hundred thousand was the number of child laborers estimated when the census of 1900 was taken; only the God of fallen sparrows knows what it is by this time. In the 20 years preceding 1900 the number of boys in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits—boys between 10 and 15—had increased 100 per cent; the number of girls, 150 per cent; but only 50 per cent. increase had been added to the population. To-day, in spite of all the child-labor agitation of the past few years, it is estimated that 40,000 children under 16 are at work in Pennsylvania alone, and the southern mills are said to employ 20,000 children not yet 12.

Wireless telegraphy, from a marvellously interesting scientific demonstration, has become an accepted commercial fact. Nowadays ships on the seas, that once were as entirely cut off from communication with the land as though they were on another planet, are now constantly within speaking distance of some wireless station or some sister vessel. It is all wonderful and awe-inspiring, and recalls that day only three-quarters of a century ago when the first pious message of wonderment was transmitted between New York and Washington.

Brooklyn papers tell of a millionaire resident there who lives with his wife in a handsome home. They are both past the middle age, but the happy couple retain one custom which they established when they were poor. The old lady cuts the old gentleman's hair. Economy of this kind at one time was a necessity with them, and though that was long ago, the wife every two weeks says to her life partner: "Come, dear, it's time I cut your hair." And while the scissors snap they chat contentedly of times when they were young and struggling.

A Kansas man's wife left him to run the house and get his own meals for a week or two. He cooked, as he thought, the breakfast food every morning. When the wife returned, says a reliable informant, she noticed that her husband twittered and he himself acknowledged an inclination to warble. It was found that he had cooked and eaten a whole package of canary seed. He says he is always resisting an inclination to sleep with his head under his arm.

Benjamin P. Clark, a well-known resident of Boston, is kind of Santa Claus in his way. He makes a practice of going to the city post office when the last Christmas mails for foreign countries close and paying the deficiency on all matter held for insufficient postage.

TRAITS OF INHERITANCE.

In Books as Well as in Life There Are Certain Strong Family Resemblance.

One may imagine an artist attempting, on a wager, to paint a landscape without using a single tone of yellow, let us say, or blue, says Frederic Tauber Cooper, in the *Hookman*. In the same way one may imagine a novelist writing a story of a man and a woman, so detached from the outside world, so silent regarding their ancestry, their past lives, their present surroundings, so nearly a record of two naked souls, that heredity and environment may be said for once to be eliminated. But such a picture, such a story, would be a mere tour de force, not an honest transcript from life. Every landscape must contain, in varying degrees, some yellow and some blue. Every human story must concern itself with traits inherited from our fathers or acquired through the company we keep.

And the novelist to whom his characters are a living reality, men and women whom he thinks of as having an existence outside the pages of his book, needs no prompting from Darwin in order to make us recognize the ties of blood and of propinquity—any more than the photographic lens needs to be prompted in order to show, in a family group, how the father's eyes, the mother's lips are mirrored back in the faces of son and daughter.

It is not venturesome to say that in some of our best English novels, in "Belinda" and "Emma," in "The Newcomes" and "The Mill on the Floss," there is often more heredity than Miss Edgeworth or Miss Austen, than Thackeray or George Eliot were conscious of putting there. Take any novel of the first magnitude, in which a whole household is deserted, three generations of gentle, kindly gento-folk, the sort of family that it would be a privilege to know in real life. One of the granddaughters, let us say, is the author's chief concern, and the whole book revolves around her personality.

Now if the book is based upon an intelligent observation of life it is not a vital matter whether the author has worked out the heredity for you, like logarithms, down to the tenth decimal. You are free to work it out for yourself, to trace the heroine's qualities, good and bad, back to their various sources; to conjecture about her many things which the author never once mentioned, perhaps never even thought of. In books, as well as in real life, there are certain family resemblances that are never noticed until pointed out by some comparative stranger.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

But the Night Grew Suddenly Chilly and the Love-Making Was a Frost.

Slowly they walked in the twilight—he and she, writes C. W. Taylor, in the *Chicago Tribune*.

He was no longer in the heyday of youth.

Time, however, had laid light hands upon him. So had his barber, but oftener and more artistically, and he was well groomed.

She was a rare and radiant maiden, known to the regular frequenters of Spotcash & Co.'s great emporium of trade as the girl at the ribbon counter.

"Miss Mildred," he said, with a sort of premonitory cough, "let us suppose a case."

"A case of what kind, Mr. Matew?" she asked. "Notions? Or remnants?"

"Let us not talk shop, Miss Mildred. If 'case' suggests business I will vary the phrase. Let us consider a hypothesis."

"A what?"

"A hypothesis. A hypothesis is a supposition, an assumption, a postulation, a working basis, or an idea taken for granted, for the purpose of laying a foundation, establishing a proposition, or demonstrating a fact. Get the idea?"

"O, yes; anybody can understand that. Is there more of it?"

"There is. Some day, my dear girl, you expect to marry somebody."

"Is that the hypo—hypo?"

"No; that is one of the eternal verities. Every pretty girl expects to marry somebody. Here is the hypothesis: Suppose some man, slightly past the blooming period of youth, but well preserved, in full possession of health, strength, and all his intellectual faculties—"

"A hypothesis is a man, is it?"

"It's a necessary part of this one. Suppose some man such as I am describing, not at all ill looking, and possessed of a reasonable share of this world's goods, should fall wildly, madly, desperately in love with you, Miss Mildred—"

"Wohl?"

"And offer you his hand and heart—do you think you could learn to love him?"

They walked along a block or two in silence.

Then Mr. Matew spoke again. "Feel a little as if it were going to snow, doesn't it, Miss McGinnis?" he said.

Strong Argument.

Worcester, England, has refused to give the government a site for a cavalry barracks, though one of the city councilmen used a strong argument. He urged that the presence of 1,500 soldiers in town would end the prevailing scarcity there of female domestic servants.

The American Composer Not a Matter of Geography

By EDWARD ZEIGLER,
NOTED MUSICIAN.

HE plea for the recognition of the American composer is trumpeted forth at stated intervals. Sometimes this comes from the camp of the composers themselves; at others it is sent forth by idealists who believe that art is geography. An echo is furnished by the chorus of disgruntled ones who protest that it is artistic death to be an American composer.

Few of these inquiet ones ever stop to define the meaning of the handy term, "American composer." It usually is taken to mean a person who has been born in America.

But those who give the matter a second thought wonder exactly how many typically American tendencies—whatever that may mean in music—there are to be found in a youth who is born in this country of foreign or half-foreign parents, who, after his ordinary school education, is sent abroad, where he studies music under foreign teachers, imbibes the atmosphere of foreign music centers, spends his formative years in un-American lands, and finally proceeds to compose music that is the outcome of all these influences and which product is then stamped as that of an American composer.

On the other hand, why should not a composer be called American who comes to this country as a lad, who, although foreign in parentage and inclination, absorbs the mood of this country, lives, works and composes in this country? Such a case is that of Mr. Charles Martin Loefler, who, until recently, was a member of the first violins of the Boston Symphony orchestra, but is now retired to teach and compose—principally the latter. Mr. Loefler is an Alsatian by birth, but after living in America for about a decade and a half the work he produces cannot by any stretch of imagination be called American if one seeks in them some expression of American tendencies. They are French in the matter of their subjects, or Belgian in the especial case of "The Death of Tintagiles," which is modeled in a general way upon the drama of the same name by Maeterlinck. Is Loefler to be considered an American composer? He deserves to be because he has chosen this country as his home, and yet he is miles away from anything American in his musical speech.

The whole theme, the definition of an American composer, is full of contradictions at present. In the strictest sense, of course, an American composer is an American, born of American parents, who studies music in this country, of teachers born in this land and of native-born parents. Even then the subject—if it be a programme composition—would have to be of American make. Thus the requirements may easily and logically be followed to ridiculous lengths; and after they had all been accounted for theoretically there still lacks the assurance that good music would be the result.

As a matter of record for the curious ones, he said, that within the space of a week there has been performed in New York Charles Martin Loefler's "The Death of Tintagiles"—this work was given twice; a whole programme of compositions by Clayton Johns, a quintette by Arthur Foote, some compositions by Victor Herbert and Louis Saar, and a concert overture by Rubin Goldmark. All of these are by Americans or by composers living permanently in America. This record is not to be despised, and it should prove by fact that the American composer is not nearly so neglected a person as some sentimentalists would have the world believe.

Aim in Securing Uniform Divorce Laws

By WALTER S. LOGAN,
Secretary National Commission for Promotion of Uniformity of Legislation.

Considerable misapprehension exists in the minds of many of the legal profession, as well as the great body of laity, regarding the actual aim of our movement for uniformity of legislation. The idea among most of these is that uniform legislation as it would affect divorce would of necessity mean uniformity of the cause of divorce. That is, that the cause of obtaining divorce should be the same in New York as in South Dakota or as in California. That is not my interpretation of the movement, however, nor is it my dream. I do not believe it is possible to obtain uniformity of cause of divorce. A uniform divorce law, as I conceive it to be possible and desirable, will seek to unify, not the cause for separation, but the machinery, the legal process by which such separation will be obtained. And to this end we have our hands full. It is true, of course, that the other may come with time, but it cannot come until a step has been made to simplify our present complicated and contradictory methods of procedure. A unification of our processes for obtaining divorce will do away with practically all the scandals attendant upon the present complicated system. The fact of the matter is that the cause of these scandals is not because there is but one cause for divorce in New York state and a great variety of them in South Dakota, but because the laws of the state of New York have no relation whatsoever to the laws of the state of South Dakota, or to any other state, as they affect marriage and divorce.

Owing to the varying ethical values obtaining in widely separated regions of the country—a fact which it is more in the province of the psychologist than of the lawyer to analyze—we can hardly hope ever to arrive at a compromise as to cause of divorce which would be either desirable or just. We can, however, so unify our laws that it will not be possible for a man to have more than one legal wife or one legitimate family of children within the territory over which the courts of the United States hold jurisdiction. At present it is possible for a man to have simultaneously many legal wives or a woman many legal husbands.

Now, under such practicable reforms for uniformity of legal process as we look forward to such an anomaly would be impossible. A uniformity of process might, for instance, make it impossible for a divorce to be granted without personal service, and it might do away with that system which, for lack of a better term one may call migratory. In other words, it would not be possible to obtain a divorce under the laws of a state to which the petitioner would resort merely for this purpose. Of course, uniformity of process is not a cure-all. I might say in conclusion, as we see it now it can only be a stepping stone to a better and clearer system. But once we have thoroughly unified the process of obtaining divorce throughout the country we may then find it practicable to delve deeper into the causes and try to bring order out of chaos.

IN THE SCHOOL CITY.

Workings of a New Experiment in the Self Government of the Young.

The writer was present a few weeks ago when the first school city was organized in Boston by Wilson L. Gill, the inventor and founder of the system, writes Frank Parsons, in *Century*. There were 700 pupils, all girls of the grammar grades. They were delighted with the plan, voted unanimously and enthusiastically to adopt the Golden Rule as the fundamental law of their school city, supplemented with various provisions against disorder, destruction or injury of property, profanity, rudeness, unkindness, etc., and showed remarkable discretion in the election of their officers.

The mayor was a bright-faced girl of twelve and a half years. When asked, shortly after the election, what it meant to her to be mayor of Hancock school, she said: "It means to see that every girl is orderly, clean and good. It means that they must have good conduct. They must be clean and neat in their dress and habits. They must keep the school-rooms and the school yard neat. And they must be kind to everybody."

"That is a great task. Are you afraid of it?"

The answer was prompt and clear: "No, for I think they are all good citizens."

Mary Finn, the Judge, said: "I shall warn citizens who don't behave, and if that does not good I shall punish them. They must behave."

The whole discipline of the school is put into the hands of the pupils. The teachers give instruction, and advice when it is needed, and the ultimate responsibility and authority are always with them. But the students make laws and really govern themselves, although there is an authority above them, just as a grown-up legislature may at any time revoke its charter.

In fact, there is more real self-government in these school cities than in most of our large cities. For there is no apathy in the school city. No stay-at-home vote, no political machine or boss.

There is no graft in the school city, no boodle on the council, no understanding between the police and wrongdoers. The ten-year-old Judge and the twelve-year-old mayor are absolutely incorruptible. Habits of good citizenship are formed while the mind is plastic, open to the full force of considerations of right and justice and free from commercial motives and other influences that in later life so often interfere with the duties of citizenship. The love of liberty is strengthened and enabled by recognition of the rights of others and the necessity of mutual limitations for the public good. Respect for law and authority is developed. The sense of justice is strengthened and the judicial attitude of mind is cultivated.

The results have been excellent in every way. Both conduct and scholarship are greatly improved. Disobedience is put up by the roots. Public sentiment ranges itself on the side of law when the public makes the law. A breach of order is no longer regarded as a defiance of an alien government, but as an injury and an insult to the community. Even the most disorderly schools have been reduced to good conduct by the institution of the school city.

Breaking the Trail.

Winter in the mountains is severe in its restrictions. Sledging and travel over the snow-banked trails are limited to bare necessity. In the colder seasons the trails are kept open by shoveling and packing them down. When the rangers sing intermittently in high, thin voices, the teamster, with a belt tight around his overcoat and flopping his arms to keep warm, faces his greatest hardships. But when the heavy snows and rapid thaws of spring come, teaming means a battle and a venture with a sudden termination hanging just above.

Thousands of tons of snow up the mountain sides hang on a trigger that can be sprung by the sight of a breeze or the rolling of a pine cone, and in summer many a barren slope and pile of rock and timber at the bottom tells a skeleton-tale of the winter's night. Floundering, swearing and persevering opens the trail—a tattered ruff thread of white from up above, but a hard day's work for a man.—*Outing*.

Curious English Almshouse.

The most curious almshouse in England is St. Mary's Hospital at Chester. There eight old ladies live actually in the church, which is a fine old building dating from 1680. It was originally a monastery, but when Queen Elizabeth came to visit there she turned it into an almshouse, to endure as long as almshouses exist. The old ladies have two neat little rooms each down the sides of the main church, with windows looking out on the garden. They have each a coal supply, a kitchen range, water and gas. At one end of the church is the chapel, where daily services are held. The choir stalls are beautifully carved old oak, the original seats that the monks used. The church stands in a quiet little square.

Last Addition.

"This flat is so fearfully small," complained the applicant. "Do you think we could get enough breath in it to live on?"

"O, yeah!" said the agent. "It is thoroughly provided with compressed air."—*Detroit Free Press*.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

TOBACCO SMOKING.

What Sir B. W. Richardson Said to Say as to Its Baneful Influences.

I believe it is almost impossible to induce a confirmed smoker to give up the habit, and I speak in this respect from personal experience. I myself in early life was not a smoker. I went through all the arduous work of a medical student by being present at operations in large hospitals, in studying anatomy, in the dissecting and post-mortem rooms, and in the fever hospital, and I never smoked, though I went through my work with great facility. Later on I learned to smoke, and continued to do so for many years. The whole of that time I was dyspeptic from smoking. I at length resolved to give it up. It was hard work to do so, but I eventually succeeded, and I have never been more thankful than for the day it was accomplished. I gave up wine, beer and every other medicinal drink with infinitely less trouble than smoking. It is very difficult indeed to abandon this pernicious habit of smoking. Inevitable smokers are those who commence to smoke early in life. Smoking is, to a certain extent, connected with drinking. Persons who smoke experience a faintness, followed by a nausea,

TIMID SCHOOLGIRL

COURAGE SHOULD BE ASSIDUOUSLY CULTIVATED BY THIS MAIDEN.

The mere mention of a mouse causes terror to many a schoolgirl—cats and cows in the same category—The rule of self-control—unreasonable fear of pain, of the dark and of disease proves a girl a coward.

BY MARGARET E. BANGSTER. (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph H. Bowles.) What was that you said, Dorothy? Am I sure that I heard you right? Are you really afraid of a little gray mouse that you could hold in your hand, that scuttles away from you in terror and that, measured by inches, is less formidable than a rabbit or a squirrel?

Yes, you own it without a blush. You really are afraid of a mouse. So are Frances, Jane and ever so many others of your friends.

A marked aversion to the entire family of rodents is a pronounced feature of most women whether they are little or large. The little woman of ten screams at the sight of a mouse and so does her older sister, and very likely her mother and her grandmother are equally as alarmed at the appearance of this small monster which is indeed a beast of prey, but such a wee bit of a beast, not in the least like a lion or a tiger, or a panther or a wolf. Probably the dislike to mice is natural with most of us for the very good reason that a mouse in the pantry makes disagreeable depredations, and apart from the toll it takes is anything but clean; that a mouse in the bureau drawer nibbles gloves and eats buttons if they are covered with silk, and that mouse in the bedroom always is not just the companion one would choose at the midnight hour.

Mice are pretty little things with their gray coats and their bead-like eyes, but they belong to the class of creatures which for our preservation we must fight. I am not asking my girls to like them, but for pity's sake, Dorothy, do overcome your terror at their mention.

A mouse has never yet been known to devour a schoolgirl.

I wish I could persuade you not to be afraid of anything, great or small. We must take certain precautions. To walk up as some fearless girls do to a strange dog, patting him on the head and trying to be friends with him without being sure that their acquaintance is desired, is sometimes dangerous and always a risk. Dogs are the dearest friends we have in the brute creation. They are loyal to their masters and they sometimes seem endowed with almost human intelligence. But they are very much like men and women. They prefer to choose their friends, and they may resent approaches from people who have not been properly introduced. Never feel or show apprehension when you meet a dog that is quietly going about its own affairs, but do not be familiar with dog or cat or other domestic animal until you have a right to be so because you have entered the circle of its friends.

A girl who is afraid of any animal, from a cow in the pasture to a mouse in the wall carries about with her a needless handicap. We should go about the world bravely and fearlessly. I have seen a lady in a drawing room make a spectacle of herself in the presence of a group of very brilliant and distinguished people because she was afraid of a cat. In walked Muff, the splendid angora, that was the pet of the hostess, and up on a sofa with a shriek and a scream and clutching and gathering of her skirts, jumped a lady who should have known better than to behave in that fashion under the roof of a friend.

One rule we may as well as not lay down for ourselves, girls, and that is a rule of self-control. One may be a little frightened inside, but she does not need to proclaim it. Because we happen to dislike bats, beetles, June bugs, dragon flies, or any other members of the world of creeping and flying things that scurry out of space to disturb us, we need not communicate our feeling to others. If we choose we may control all expression of dislike, dismay or dread. We may sometimes feel afraid, but we may keep ourselves from showing it.

All through our lives we should try not to be in bondage to any form of fear. Some girls cannot bear pain. They distress themselves more in the thought of what they may have to suffer from a slight operation or an injury, than the pain itself would amount to. In other words, they suffer more from fright than from reality. Once in awhile one meets a girl almost grown up who is afraid of the dark. I hope this is not the case with Dorothy or any of her friends. The fear of the dark is a lassitude which assails children who have been wickedly alarmed by nurses or unscrupulous persons and who fancy that dangers of every kind lurk behind the friendly curtain of the night. But our Heavenly Father sends this kind darkness so that we may sleep and rest and there is nothing in it to give anyone the slightest fear. The stars are its lamps and the moon at the full floods it with a glory as great as that of the sun. While we sleep our God watches above us and His angels are our guards.

Another thing almost as foolish as the fear of the mouse is the fear some people have of taking different diseases. In case of an epidemic such as diphtheria, typhoid fever or cholera, too many precautions cannot be taken, and if one's duty is not on the scene of action it is well to go to a safer place.

But no one should be a coward. If disease are about there is no reason

to suppose that you who are in good health will necessarily take them. To be constantly distressed lest one day or another you or I shall be menaced by scarlet fever, or smallpox, is very needless and quite unfit for doing our daily work.

This courage that I have been talking about thus far is purely physical. I would not like any girl for whom I cared to be afraid to cross the continent or the ocean because something might happen on the rail or on the sea. The ship is the captain's business and the railway train is in charge of the conductor and engineer. You may be reasonably sure that the average man will fulfill the requirements of his position and you as a passenger have nothing to do except to enjoy yourself. This, too, belongs largely to the realm of physical courage.

Now I want to speak about a higher kind of courage. There are brave people who never shrink from danger that menaces the body, but who are moral cowards. They are afraid to speak the truth if the truth will injure themselves. They are afraid to endure anxiety about their loved ones. They hide from their own eyes things they do not want to see. Whatever else one may be, one should try very hard to be morally brave. At any cost, he is true and noble. Let me quote for you Charles Kingsley's stanza which every girl should know by heart:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day
And so make life, love and the great forever
One grand, sweet song."

CROCHET SLEEPING SOCK.

Those make an excellent present for a friend that suffers from cold feet at night.

About 3½ ozs double flannel wool, and a thick bone hook about No. 4.

Work 30 chain rather loosely and join round.

1st Row: A double crochet in each chain-stitch, and join with slip-stitch.

2nd to 8th Row: 3 chain, draw up 2 loops through the chain, * and 1 through the back thread of each of the 2 nearest stitches of the previous row, (5 loops on hook), wool over, draw through all the loops in once, and make a chain-stitch to hold them in position; draw up a loop under the chain just made, one under the back thread of the last loop of the previous group, and repeat from * all round (15 patterns). Before making the chain of the last stitch slip the hook through the top of the thread



A NICE GIFT.

of the first stitch of the row, and draw the wool through both loops; this will make a neat join.

Work 7 more rows like the second, commencing with 3 chain, and joining the last stitch to the first of each row. Fasten off.

Leave four patterns on either side the seam and work the same stitch as before across the seven middle patterns, turn with 3 chain and work back, continuing to and fro for 7 rows. Fasten off.

Recommence at the seam at back of leg, work a double crochet in each stitch round the foot, join the last to the first of the row with a slip-stitch.

Five more rows of double crochet, decreasing each of the last 3 rows 2 stitches, by passing over 1 on each side of the middle of the toe piece, and in the fifth row pass the middle stitch at the heel also, join on the inside with the single crochet.

Round the top work * 5 chain back into first (purl), pass 1, double crochet in next, repeat from * all round.

Make a chain of wool with a tassel at each end, and secure to the seam just above the heel.

Discoloration on Neck.

Collar should be lined with soft, white silk, to prevent discoloration. It high, dark neckbands have caused a brown streak about the neck, anoint the flesh with olive oil, or pure, white vaseline, slightly warmed. Dip a soft linen cloth in it repeatedly and gently rub the neck, turning the linen as it becomes soiled. Afterwards wash off the oil with warm soapsuds and a sponge. Rinse with hot water several times, and then with cold. When the skin is thoroughly dry, dust well with oatmeal powder. If the stain is not entirely removed repeat the process in a few days.

Agreeable Conversation.

Conversation, to be agreeable, should be general, where many participate. If an anecdote occurs to one of the number, it should be told as briefly, as succinctly and as much to the point as possible. Then it should be dropped, and not repeated over, even once. To do so spoils the whole effect. Whenever the man or woman is noted whose reputation for telling a good story has been sent ahead, it will be found that brevity, or at least as much as is consistent with the occasion, is the rule with that individual.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

"The Temptation of Jesus."—International S. S. Lesson for Feb. 4, 1906.

BY REV. WILLIAM EVANS, B. D. (Director Biblical Department of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago; official Lecturer of the Cook County (Chicago) Sunday School Association on the International S. S. Lessons.)

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph H. Bowles.) Scripture Lesson: Matthew 4:1-11. Golden Text. "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Already in our study of the life of Christ, we have seen Him in His relation to man and earth. (His birth Matt. 1); and in His relation to God and Heaven (His baptism, Matt. 3). In this lesson we see Christ in His relation to Satan and the world of evil. Immediately after the heavenly testimony at Jordan we find the Messiah "driven by the Spirit into the wilderness." The language of the text leads us to believe firmly that

Temptation Is No Accident.

It is a part of God's plan for our development. It was an item in God's programme for Christ; it is also the programme of every man. Temptation is inevitable. The unspotted holiness of Christ did not exempt Him from the fiercest assaults of the devil; nor can any goodness of ours make us proof against the fiery darts of the evil one. Life itself is a great temptation. To exist, to be, is to be in the hands of the tempter. No man can speak in bated breath about sneaking into Heaven without any temptation. No man has ever done that. Search the Scriptures, study biography, and see. I must be tried, tempted, assailed, thrown down, browbeaten, wounded stamped upon. Jesus Christ can be of absolutely no service to the man who is not undergoing testing and trial.

Temptation Is a Compliment.

It is good for us to know that we are worth being tempted. How proud God was of Job because the devil found something in Him worth contesting for. Boys do not break into orchards where there is no fruit. So long as men are willing to rest satisfied with the grosser things of life and do not aspire towards a higher and better life Satan is not bothering himself much about them. If you are not being tempted, then begin to worry. If you are passing through fiery testings, thank God and take courage. Metal to be pure must pass through the crucible.

Temptation Is Not Sin.

This distinction must be carefully borne in mind. Temptation becomes sin only when harbored and indulged in. The old saying, "We cannot prevent the birds flying over our heads, but we can prevent them building nests in our hair," is fittingly applicable with regard to temptation. I cannot prevent wrong thoughts, for instance, coming into my mind, but I can refuse to allow them to lie on my tongue as a sweet morsel. It is the indulgence of temptation which becomes sin.

Could Jesus Christ Have Sinned?

Was Christ's temptation a real temptation? Could He really have sinned? Of course it was. Of course He could otherwise, where would be the comfort for us in this story? Christ was "tempted in all points like we are;" "He suffered in being tempted;" and that very fact makes his "able to succor those who are tempted." Satan is not foolish enough to waste ammunition on a man when there is no possibility of the man's surrender. The satanic majesty is far too wise for that.

Men Need Not Sin.

There is no imperative for our yielding to temptation. We can overcome just as Christ overcame. In fact, this wilderness conflict with the evil one was for the purpose of revealing to us not only the nature of the powers of darkness, but also the secret of victory over all the hosts of wickedness. Satan may place us on a pinnacle of temptation, but he cannot cast us down. We must cast ourselves down. We have the deciding vote in the matter. What makes sin awful is the fact that as we look back over our wrongdoing we are forced to make the admission that not one of these acts of sin was necessary.

How Christ Overcame Temptation.

One noticeable thing about the answer of Christ to the appeals of Satan is that they were written answers. They were not the result of any dazzling originality, any superior powers of mind and intellect to which we human beings lay no claim. Christ overcame not because He possessed a reader wit than ours, nor because He was endowed with a moral courage and force unique and impossible to mankind. Nor did these answers come to Christ on the spur of the moment—answers that had never been used before and never could be again. The answers of Christ rest on quotations, they are flashes from the Divine Word; they are answers that had been given before. They were shafts that had gone quivering from many a previous bow. In His conflict with Satan Christ used the "Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

How We May Overcome.

If we would overcome temptation let us follow Christ's example. Let us not try to be original, but be willing to quote from the same Divine treasury; don armor from the same armory. David had used the same weapons, for he said: "They word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." We should read, study, know and use God's Word in order that we may be successful in our conflict with the powers of darkness.

An ounce of patience beats a ton of profanity.

OFFICER HOGAN'S CAPTURE.

Worked a Double Identity Game on the Credulous Hold-Up Man.

The electric car was not far from halfway between Pullman and South Chicago and was pounding along monotonously with a flat wheel and five or six tired and sleepy passengers, relates the Chicago Tribune.

It stopped at a lonely crossing to take on another passenger—a man of enormous size, muffled up to the ears in a heavy overcoat.

No sooner had the newcomer stepped inside than he pulled a huge revolver from his coat pocket and said in a low but determined tone that was heard distinctly through the car:

"Hands up, everybody!"

Every hand went up.

With his deadly weapon held ready for instant action the bandit began on the first passenger.

"I'll just relieve you, my friend," he said, "of—"

"I guess you won't," interrupted the other, with an amused smile. "If you make another motion you're a dead man. Right behind you is Officer Dick Hogan, in plain clothes, and he's got the drop on you. Perhaps you didn't notice him when you came in."

The robber seemed to be up against a new game.

He hesitated. It might be true, and it might be a bluff.

If he went ahead with the hold-up he might be plucked by the officer behind him and if he turned his head to see if any officer was there he exposed himself to a possible shot from the man in front of him.

"Wing him, Hogan," said the man. "If he moves a muscle unless I tell him to move it. Now, my friend, I'll trouble you to lower that shooting iron. Watch him, Dick! That's right, sir. Now hand me your gun with the butt end foremost. Let him have it, Dick, if he hesitates a second longer! Ah, thanks."

The passenger with the bandit's gun in his hand stood up.

"Now, you infernal scoundrel," he said, leveling the weapon at his head, "go and sit down in that corner!"

The robber obeyed.

Then, for the first time, he looked for the officer.

"Well, pard," he growled, "you played it on me all right. I don't see no Officer Hogan."

"I'm Officer Hogan," said the other, snapping the handcuffs on him, "and I'm feeling a bit streaked for letting you have the advantage of me for about five seconds."

(Note.—This is submitted as the rough draft of a detective story that could be easily padded out to 4,000 words or more by any aspiring young writer, and some discriminating publisher might be glad to accept it and pay \$15 for it—on publication.)

Imposing Title.

The official title of King Carlos, of Portugal, is not a little imposing. He is "King of Portugal and the Algarves, within and beyond the seas; in Africa, Lord of Guinea and of the navigation and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and of the West Indies," and he is equally well dowered in the matter of Christian names—Carlos, Ferdinand, Louise, Maril, Victor, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Gonzague, Xavier, Francois-d'Assise, Josephe, Simon. This, however, is by no means the longest list of names in the Portuguese royal family, for the King's eldest son is the proud possessor of seventeen, while his majesty's younger brother has twenty-two.

Exceptions to the Rule.

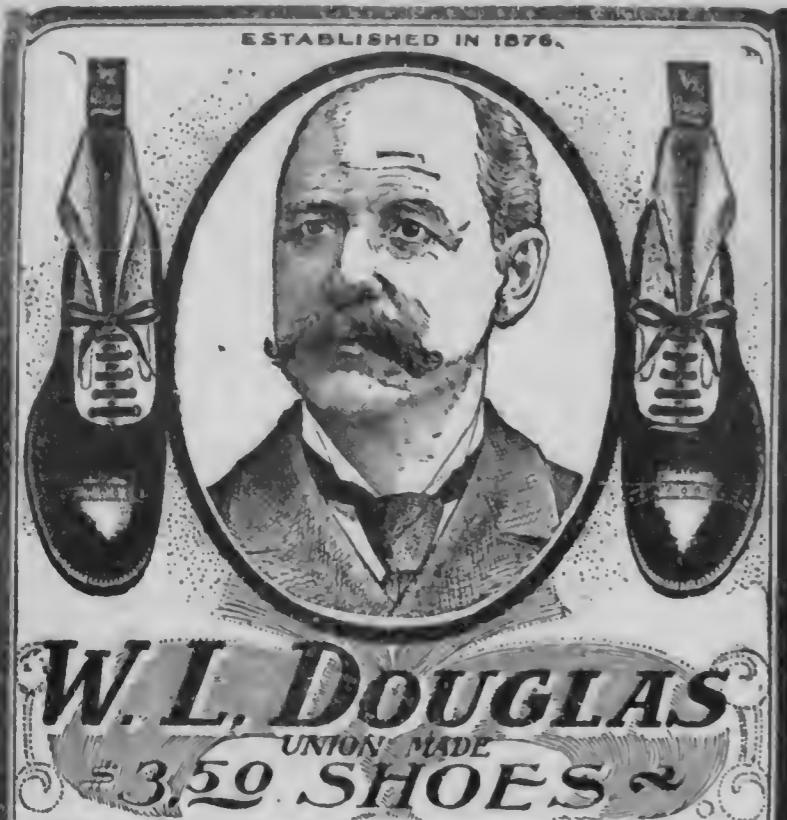
"In spite of the proverbs, like does not always produce like."

"Well, name your exceptions."

"Haven't you heard of such a thing as rich food producing poor health?"—Baltimore American.

MARKET REPORTS.

CATTLE—Fair to good \$3.50 @ 375
Heavy steers 4.75 @ 490
CALVES—Extra 5.00 @ 500
HOGS—Choice packers 5.65 @ 525
Mixed packers 5.60 @ 525
SHEEP—Extra 5.19 @ 525
LAMBS—Extra 7.75 @ 750
FLOUR—Spring patent 5.00 @ 500
WHEAT—2 red 31 @ 300
3 red 31 @ 300
COINS—No. 2 mixed 60 @ 600
OATS—No. 2 mixed 60 @ 600
RYE—No. 2 60 @ 600
HAY—Chopped timothy 12 @ 50
Clear meadow 12 @ 50
POKE—Clear meadow 7.35 @ 750
BUTTER—Choice dairy 23 @ 200
CHOCOLATE—Choice 6 @ 600
POTATOES—I've bush 5.00 @ 500
TOBACCO—New 4.50 @ 475
Old 4.50 @ 475
CIGAR CLOTH 1.00 @ 100
CHICAGO.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3.85 @ 410
WHEAT—2 red 3.85 @ 385
3 red 3.85 @ 385
COINS—No. 2 mixed 60 @ 600
OATS—No. 2 mixed 37 @ 375
RYE—Western 15.00 @ 15.00
PORK—Meat 13.67 @ 13.70
LARD—Steam 7.75 @ 7.75
BALTIMORE.
WHEAT—No. 2 red 6 @ 540
CORN—No. 2 mixed 6 @ 540
CATTLE—Steers 4.60 @ 450
HOGS—Dressed 3.50 @ 375
LOUISVILLE.
WHEAT—No. 2 red 6 @ 50
CORN—No. 2 mixed 6 @ 50
OATS—No. 2 mixed 37 @ 340
RYE—Western 15.00 @ 15.00
PORK—Meat 12.60 @ 12.60
LARD—Steam 7.75 @ 7.75
INDIANAPOLIS.
WHEAT—No. 2 red 6 @ 50
CORN—No. 2 mixed 6 @ 50<br



Also, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.50, and \$2.25 for Men; \$3.00, \$2.50, and \$2.00 for Boys; \$2.00 and \$1.75 for Youths.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas shoes for style, comfort, and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes, because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

We carry a full line, and can insure a perfect fit. Inspection invited.

COYLE & HAYES
BEREA, KENTUCKY

Berea and Vicinity.

GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

Judge Coyle visited the Citizen office last week, exhibiting some fine oranges and grape fruit which he brought up with him from Florida.

There has been quite a run of measles in town, but at present the epidemic seems to be getting under control. No one has been seriously ill. The College turned the building back of Music Hall into an emergency hospital and thus cured for all of the students who were affected.

A bill has been introduced into the House at Frankfort to establish and support three Normal Schools in the State. This is a matter in which every citizen should have an interest one way or another.

Mrs. Ed. Blazer, of Greenfield, O., is visiting the Blazer and Coddington families here.

Miss Ethel Putnam underwent a slight surgical operation last week but is up again now.

The Citizen had an item in this column last week to the effect that Mr. W. L. Harrison had bought out Mr. Engle's store on Chestnut street. This is a mistake. Mr. Engle is still selling goods at the old stand. It was Mr. Moyer whom Mr. Harrison bought out.

Uncle Dave McCullum's horse ran with him from S. E. Welch's store to Mr. Lewis's shop last week. Mr. Lewis stopped the horses. No damage done.

Miss Margaret Moyers and Mr. C. A. Van Winkle, who have been visiting in Indiana, returned Tuesday night.

A change has been made in the Lyceum Course both in date and personnel. Prof. Chas. Lane, "The Greatest Wit of the South," will lecture Monday night in place of McLean and Shelton with the Aquarium Chimes. Prof. Lane comes highly recommended by such men as Senator Colquitt, General John B. Gordon, and Rev. Sam Jones, and his lecture will doubtless prove a treat to all who hear him.

The Union Gospel Meetings will begin next Tuesday night. There will be a daily service at 3:15 p.m. in the Union Church House, and another in the College Chapel at 7:30 p.m. All, both residents in Berea and students in the College, are invited to attend the meetings. Come to the first one and then attend all you can.

Professor Dodge with Comrades M. J. Gabbard, P. J. Polley, and Felia Gallagher visited McKee last week and organized an out-post of Captain James West Post with nine members. Professor Dodge spoke Friday night in the Court House to a large and interested audience.

The first number of the Berea News has appeared and presents a very creditable appearance. The very pink and flower of newspaper courtesy might have moved the received by his parents.

College Items

HERE AND THERE

The Industrial Department has taken on quite a boom this term. A new class in Carpentry was organized last week, making about fifty boys who are learning this trade. There are about 250 boys taking Sloyd, and the classes in Cooking and Sewing are unusually large.

Mr. Dean, teacher in the Model Schools, received a visit from his mother and father last Tuesday.

Four years ago Wednesday the Chapel burned.

Prof. Marsh went to Lexington on Friday to attend a meeting of the College Athletic Association of Kentucky.

Ben Gabbard, with his two brothers from Sand Gap, entered school Wednesday.

Prof. Dinsmore preached at the Chapel service Sunday night.

Mr. Hudson gave a talk on "Character Building in Chapel" Monday morning.

The College has purchased \$50 worth of astronomical stereopticon slides. Forty dollars of this has gone to the purchase of a set of ten mechanical slides to show the movements of the planets, phases of the moon, eclipse of the sun and the moon, etc. Mr. Thomson expects to give a lecture on Astronomy, making use of these slides, some time before the end of the winter term.

Beginning with February 1, the Vesper hour will be changed from 6:00 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. and all meetings of the College and Union Church will be at 6:30 p.m. here after.

The College bell is broken and a steam siren is used to mark the periods of the College day. Notice of the accident has been sent to President Frost and it is hoped that he will be able to report progress in securing a chime for Chapel when he gets home.

Miss Robinson has gone to Meridith, N. H., with the body of her mother and expects to be home Saturday night. The funeral of Mrs. Robinson will be held in Meridith today, Thursday. The sympathy of all has gone with Miss Robinson on her long sad journey.

The College will begin using some of the recitation rooms in the Chapel next week, the much still remains to be done on the building before it is finished.

President and Mrs. Frost expect to be home next Tuesday on the noon train from the north.

Rev. W. H. Hubbard, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Auburn, N. Y., who will lead the special meetings here next week, will arrive next Tuesday noon. Dr. Hubbard preached the Baccalaureate sermon here several years ago and will be remembered by all who heard him then.

Miss Emma Johnson, formerly a student in the College, is now at Lexington, attending the State College. Her address is Patterson Hall, Lexington.

A student who was here last year was ordered home by his father in the middle of a term and dutifully obeyed. This year he is in College again, paying his own expenses.

A cousin of Professor Lewis, who is on his way from his home in Michigan to Florida, is visiting the Professor for a few days.

There seems to be some trouble in securing a sufficient number of rooms for the greatly increased number of students this winter.

Miss Alice McKee is now acting as assistant cataloguer in the library, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Her address is 514 Choover Court, Ann Arbor.

Law and Order Rally.

The Law and Order meeting last Friday night was well-attended and was much enjoyed. The Ariel Quartette and Mr. Combs aroused great enthusiasm by their contributions to the interest. Addresses were made by Rev. A. E. Thomson and Mr. F. E. Dizney. The organization was completed and the Executive Committee was enlarged to take in the President and the Secretary of the League. The list of those who have made pledges toward the support of the work of the Law and Order League.

Richard Byers, six-year-old son of Dr. S. L. Byers, of Seelyeville, Ind., was stolen from his home last May, and is supposed to be in the hands of traveling junk dealers or on some house boat on the Ohio or Mississippi. The boy is of light complexion, has grey eyes, has a sharp chin and a narrow, projecting forehead. He is rather small for his age, and is unusually bright and intelligent, talking after the manner of a boy much older. Any information in regard to such a child will be thankfully received by his parents.

Couldn't Remember.

Said the teacher to a young pupil: "Johnny, what happened on July 4, one hundred and thirty years ago?" Johnny: "I dunno, ma'am, I ain't but ten."—Cleveland Leader.

A WEEK IN NEW YORK.

President and Mrs. Frost in the Great City.

Dear Friends who take the Citizen: We wish our neighbors could share with us some of the pleasures of travel, without its trials and vexations!

If New York is not as clean as Boston, it is much cleaner than it used to be. The law against spitting on the sidewalks or in the street cars is vigorously enforced. We remember when the cars used to be as filthy as a country store or the office of a tobacco spitting lawyer, but now health and the ladies' dresses are protected!

And New York is not only making money by its trade with all the world, but also doing good in all parts of the world. On Monday night Carnegie Hall was filled and thousands turned away at a meeting in behalf of the famous colored school at Tuskegee, Alabama. Mr. Choate, lately U. S. Minister to England, presided, and Mark Twain and Robert C. Ogden spoke. But the greater speech of the night was by Booker T. Washington himself. On next Friday there is a banquet given by the Missionary Society of the Presbyterians to which they have invited the members of the Chinese Embassy.

And the wonders of New York are truly wonderful. It is now the second largest city in the world, and it surpasses London itself in the beauty of its parks, its majestic harbor and miles of frontage upon the water, and in the convenience of its means of getting from one place to another. The city is on Manhattan Island which extends a long distance from south to north, so that the great thoroughfares run north and south. The subway is a real underground railroad on which you can ride from the south end of the city to the north end without the danger and delay of crossing streets! And here are the Brooklyn bridge, and the buildings twenty stories high, and the statue of Liberty, just as you see them in pictures.

New York is the home of three of our trustees, Mr. Cady the architect, who was president of the great meeting of the Federation of Churches last fall, the Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant of the church of the Ascension, and Mr. J. R. Rogers who is just sending us a wonderful typesetting machine which with other equipments on the way will make our Printing Office the best of its size in the state.

Whom should I meet here but Mr. Wallace A. Battle, of the class of 1901, who is raising money for his great and growing school at Okalona, Miss.?

And New York is enjoying this year real Kentucky sunshine.

The people here work hard. Many of them are at work early in the morning, and all of them are up late at night. Many live in the smaller places a few miles away, and make quite a journey to get here in the morning and to return at night. This they do in order to have the country air and country quiet.

And here are people from all parts of the earth.

There is not space to speak of the historical interest of this city. Here Washington was inaugurated as President. And here are buried Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton and General Grant. The new bronze statue of General Sherman on horseback, with a figure of Victory walking before him, is splendid to see.

We are glad to hope that we shall soon see again the white tower of our own Chapel, and the quiet crest of Berea Knob.

W. GOODELL FROST.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Frances Eliza Robinson, died in Berea January 20, 1906. Her maiden name was Frances Eliza Wild. She was born in Boothbay, Maine, March 23, 1831, and was married to Joseph W. Robinson, of Meridith, N. H., October 2, 1852. She had been a widow for nearly twenty years. Her children are Dr. M. H. Robinson of the University of Ills., Mr. Francis S. Robinson, of Meridith, N. H., Rev. C. F. Robinson, of Clinton, Conn., Mr. Geo. W. Robinson, of Harvard University, Mrs. M. S. Swain, of Laconia, N. H., and Miss J. A. Robinson, of Berea College. She was a faithful wife and a devoted mother, the virtuous woman whose children arise and call her blessed.

Archie Pettiford.

The following resolutions were adopted by Capt. James West Post, G. A. R., Jan. 20, 1906:

Whereas, Comrade Archie Pettiford departed this life on the 9th of December, last,

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the loss from our ranks of a worthy comrade, an upright and honorable citizen, and a devoted Christian.

Resolved, That our tender sympathies are hereby offered to the widow and family of the departed comrade.

Resolved, That we request the publication of these resolutions in the newspapers of the town.

L. V. DODGE,
P. J. POLLEY,
M. B. RAMSEY,
Committee.

GET SQUARE WITH YOUR COLD

Our Laxative Cold tablets knock colds and grippe silly.

Take them at night, feel better next morning.

It is a good thing to have a bottle of reliable cough syrup on hand to use when first need a "stitch in time, etc."

The Porter Drug Co.

(INCORPORATED)

At the Up-to-Date Grocery

You can always find

The Freshest and Best

Of Everything that can be found in the Market. & &

Everybody's business solicited. Prompt delivery.

W. D. LOGSDON

Proprietor.

...Furniture is a Necessity...

You must have it to make your home or room look and feel comfortable for the winter. There is no better time to buy than now and we have the things you need: Kitchen, Dining-room and Parlor Furniture, Bedroom Suites, Desks, Carpets, Window Shades, Pictures, etc.

LOUIS O. LESTER

Next to the Mill, Chestnut Ave.

Phone 93

DON'T MISS

THE

Special Sale

AT

The New Cash Store

RHODUS, GREEN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS CONDENSED.

Interesting Happenings Boiled Down For the Busy Reader.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NOTES.

What Our Government Officials Are Doing—Crimes and Casualties—A Summary of Prominent Events Throughout the Globe.

Congressional Briefs.

Two votes in the house on the 24th showed that Speaker Cannon and his organization were in complete control and the joint watchdog program of the administration has been adopted. Forty-three republican "insurgents" went down to defeat, having voted vainly with the democrats to gain control of the rule, the terms of which are to govern the statehood bill in its passage through the house. The vote on the adoption of the rule was carried by a majority of 30.

The house passed the statehood bill according to schedule. The republican opposition to the measure had spent its entire force and no effort was made to defeat the bill on its final passage, but 33 of the "insurgents" voting against the measure. The bill passed by the vote of 194 to 150.

The senate committee on territories authorized a favorable report on the joint statehood bill passed by the house.

The treaty under which the United States relinquished to Cuba all claim or title to the Isle of Pines, which has been pending since November 11, 1903, was ordered reported by a majority of the senate committee on foreign relations.

The senate committee on the Philippines voted to report favorably the nomination of Henry Clay Ide to be governor general and John W. Smith to be vice governor of the Philippines Islands.

The first attempt at filibustering at this session occurred in the house on the 27th in a democratic endeavor to defeat the provisions of the urgent deficiency bill waiving the eight hour law for foreign laborers on the Panama canal.

In his testimony before the senate interstate canal committee it developed that Theodore P. Shonta, chairman of the Isthmian canal committee, is drawing \$12,000 per year salary as president of the Clover Leaf railroad and \$34,000 from the United States government.

Chairman Hopkins reported to the house his railroad rate bill with the favor of recommendation of the entire republican and democratic members of the interstate and foreign committee.

In a session of two hours the house passed the urgent deficiency appropriation bill, carrying \$15,216,193, incorporating in which is a provision that the eight hour law shall not apply to steam laborers on the Panama canal.

Senator Fulton presented a resolution in the senate authorizing the payment of funeral expenses amounting to \$447 of the late Senator Mitchell.

Miscellaneous Items.

The confidential exchanges now going on among the representatives of the powers in the Moroccan conference disclose the extreme difficulty of arranging an agreement that both France and Germany would accept.

By the will of Marshall Field filed in the probate court the city of Chicago is made beneficiary of \$3,000,000, which is to be used for the endowment and maintenance of the Field Columbian museum now situated in Jackson park. In addition to the sum left for the museum various bequests aggregating \$17,568,000 are made to relatives and friends of the testator. With these exceptions, the entire estate is to be kept intact until the entire of the two sons of Marshall Field, Jr., grandsons of the testator, shall have reached the age of 60 years. The grandsons are now 9 and 12 years old. Marshall Field, Jr., died on November 27, 1905, of a bullet wound accidentally inflicted while handling a revolver.

China's imperial commission, sent to the United States to study American conditions, social, educational and industrial, was received formally by President Roosevelt at the white house.

A score of Chinamen engaged in a revolver battle in the streets of Chinatown, New York, which resulted in the death of two Chinamen, the mortal wounding of a third and the serious wounding of a fourth. The battle was between two rival Chinese societies, the Hop Sings and the Ou Leongs.

During the months of July, August and September 1,053 were killed and 16,386 injured among passengers and employees of steam railroads in the United States.

A mutiny broke out at Vladivostok. A report that Gen. Selyanoff, the commander of the army corps, has been wounded, is confirmed. The mutiny is due to the reserve men.

Don Alvaro, former president of Ecuador, and leader of the recent revolution which overthrew President Garci, is now supreme chief of the republic.

J. N. Field, a brother of the late Marshall Field, and Mrs. J. N. Field were passengers on the Aranbie, which arrived in New York from England. Mr. Field will take charge of Field's business.

A vote on two resolutions in a called session of the United Mine Workers showed that the "stand patters" were in the minority and all efforts to place the convention on record as favoring extreme measures in the attempt to force the operators of the central competitive district to admit the operators and miners of the southwestern district to the functions of the joint conference proved futile.

The triple alliance between Germany, Great Britain and Italy, for collection of claims against Venezuela, is the greatest barrier to France's making punitive demonstrations in Venezuelan waters.

In well informed circles it is not anticipated that France will take energetic action against Venezuela to force President Castro to make demands for the wrongs France claims until the Moroccan question is settled.

A decree has been issued by the Venezuelan government recalling its consuls in France and withdrawing the exequitons of the French consul at Peking, will be appointed ambassador to Italy.

The Venezuelan government replied to the joint note of the diplomatic corps. It maintains the position it has taken regarding M. Taligny and says that any government of those represented by the diplomatic corps at any time find itself in the same position.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, the famous confederate cavalry leader and a brigadier general of the United States army since the war with Spain, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Sterling Smith, in Brooklyn. The veteran of two wars was 69 years old, and was stricken with a severe cold six days before which developed into pleurisy and pneumonia. His children were with him when the end came.

Among the messages of condolence received by the family of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of which there are 700, was one from President Roosevelt.

Brooding over the fatal illness of her old family friend, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Mrs. Margaret Baffey ended her life with strychnine at the Sherman house, Chicago.

The Russian government is undertaking to compensate the owners of houses which were damaged during the recent bombardment at Moscow. This covers the case of Americans and other foreigners who suffered property loss.

The body of a well dressed woman was found in the Ohio river just above Cairo, Ill. Dr. James McNamea, coroner of Alexander county, took charge of the body, but found no clue to the woman's identity.

Secretary Bonaparte has submitted to the house committee on naval affairs an amendment anti-baizing bill which he believes embraces the chief changes in present law suggested by members of the committee.

The finest pair of trotting horses to be found in the Blue grass state is the wedding present Congressman Nicholas Longworth and his bride will receive from Cincinnati friends.

Miss Alice Roosevelt and Congressman Nicholas Longworth were guests at a ceremonial dinner tendered by Judge H. C. Clapp to Lloyd C. Griscom, of Philadelphia, recently appointed ambassador to Brazil.

The Cuban senate unanimously passed an appropriation of \$25,000 for the purchase of a wedding gift for Miss Alice Roosevelt. Assurances are given that the house will take similar action.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt issued their invitations to the wedding of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Longworth, of Ohio, which is to take place at noon, February 17, as already announced.

Stephen Decatur, grandson of Commodore Decatur, first class United States naval academy, was dismissed from the navy by Secretary Bonaparte in conformity with the sentence of the court martial in his case on the charge of bazing.

Nicolo Murdaca, an Italian, was hanged in the jail yard at Jersey City for the murder of his wife in that city.

In the course of a long conversation with a correspondent at St. Petersburg Count Witte declared that even if it were left to his discretion to enlarge the scope of the concessions granted by the emperor, he would not now enlarge them, even a hair's breadth.

All world's records for the kilometer and for the mile were broken in the automobile tournament at Ormond- Daytona, Fla. The new figure places the mile for cars of all powers at 28 1/2 seconds, and for the kilometer at 18 2/5 seconds.

An unusually sensational trial came to an end in New York when a jury in the criminal branch of the supreme court reported that Norman Hapgood, editor of Collier's Weekly, was not guilty of criminal libel.

Col. William D. Mann, editor of Town Topics, New York, was arrested on a charge of perjury growing out of his testimony in the recent criminal libel proceedings against Norman Hapgood, editor of Collier's Weekly.

From naval sources the state department has been advised of the collapse of the last remnant of the insurrection in Santo Domingo.

Two clerks out of work in Philadelphia committed suicide in a Philadelphia boarding house.

At least six persons lost their lives in a fire which partially destroyed the Richardson hotel, one of the leading public houses in Lowell, Mass.

New York detectives arrested a man for whom they declare the police of the world have been searching for more than four years. The prisoner is declared to be James M. Ames, formerly an American bookmaker, who is wanted in connection with the famous Bank of Liverpool robbery of November 22, 1901.

The wrecked steamer Valencia now lies submerged and broken, but a portion of a mast stands above the water near Victoria, B. C. Of the total of 154 passengers and crew on board at the time she went on the rock 36 have been accounted for. Not a woman or child was saved.

Another survivor of the Valencia wreck has been found in Frank Conners, who was discovered on Turret Hill, B. C., in a very exhausted condition.

F. D. Hunker, assistant superintendent of schools of Seattle, Wash., who has been at the Valencia wreck to search for the bodies of his wife and children, severely condemns the life preservers on the wrecked steamer.

Robbers wrecked the safe of the bank of Owasso, in the Cherokee nation, with dynamite, and escaped with several thousand dollars.

It has been decided to raise the Japanese legation at Rome to the rank of an embassy, and it is understood that M. Uchida, the Japanese minister at Peking, will be appointed ambassador to Italy.

Edwin Morgan, former United States minister to Korea, who arrived at San Francisco from the Orient on route to Cuba as minister to that republic, in an interview on Korea said: "American goods find a high market there and mining enterprises conducted by Americans are being successfully worked."

Mrs. Charles Canfield, wife of the millionaire oil and mining man, was murdered by Maurice Buck, a former coachman at Los Angeles, Cal. The motive of the crime is believed to have been blackmail.

Following the dismissal of Chester A. J. Blobaum, of Missouri, after a verdict of guilty returned by the naval court-martial, Midshipman Richard H. Mann, an appointee of President Roosevelt, was restored to duty, tho verdict in his case being not guilty.

The British admiralty says that the rumors that the British battleship Dominion is going to Venezuela are groundless. She will leave Halifax, N. S., for home.

The British government is undertaking to compensate the owners of houses which were damaged during the recent bombardment at Moscow. This covers the case of Americans and other foreigners who suffered property loss.

The apostolic delegates to the United States is to have a magnificent mansion in Washington. The present delegate is Mgr. Falcone. Catholics throughout the various dioceses have subscribed \$100,000 toward the building of the residence or legation.

Charles L. Tucker, convicted of the murder of Mabel Page, of Weston, Mass., on March 31, 1904, was sentenced to death by electricity during the week of June 10.

Fighting has begun in the environs of Tangier between the Anjera tribemen and members of Raleau's band. The tribemen have burned three villages east of Tangier.

Capt. William H. Van Schaick was found guilty of criminal negligence in failing to have fire drills on the steamer General Slocum, which he commanded in June, 1904, when the steamer burned, with the loss of over 1,000 lives. He was immediately sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Nine tons of steel girders fell from above the seventh floor of the new Alman building in process of erection in New York, and crushed a workman, Edward Steinmann, to death and seriously injured five other workmen who were employed on the building.

Policeman John A. Ocellard, who shot himself rather than appear before the police board and answer to a charge of immorality, is dead.

Mrs. Edward P. Carey, a missionary at Harpoor, in Eastern Turkey, is dead. Mrs. Carey went to that point as a missionary in 1901 with her husband. She was born in Princeton, Ill., in 1875.

Three cases of smallpox were discovered at the Central hospital for insane, Jacksonville, Ill. Many of the 1,200 patients have possibly been exposed.

Charles Harwood, a former policeman, entered the Peoria, Ill. police headquarters and with the point of a revolver held up the chief and seven officers for 15 minutes and he vented his insane wrath in a deluge of curses. Later he knocked a woman down with his revolver and barricaded himself in his home, defying arrest.

Five armed men terrorized the village of East Youngstown, O., shooting two men and terribly beating a third, who died later. The robbers made a raid on a saloon and secured about \$500 and escaped.

Count Maurice De Poregnay, an old French archaeologist, has discovered in the Peten district of Guatemala an immense ancient city of the Mayans which will take months to properly investigate.

Trade of the United States with Russia, including the Asiatic part, during the fiscal year 1905, as shown by the records of the bureau of statistics in the department of commerce and labor, amounted to \$28,800,000, of which \$11,800,000 represented imports into the United States and \$17,000,000 the exports of the United States to Russia.

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The spasmoid movements that have been going on in British Columbia for the last few years towards accession from the Canadian federation are becoming more serious.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending January 25, 1906, number 276, against 279 the previous week, 288 in the like week of 1905, 242 in 1904 and 230 in 1903.

The directors of the Little Rock baseball club closed a deal with Chas. Zimmer, the former Cleveland catcher to manage the Little Rock team of the Southern League during the season of 1906.

To Join Unions.

Paris, Jan. 29.—Six thousand government employees held a meeting here and adopted resolutions demanding that the government frame and have passed a bill permitting its servants to form unions.

WRAPPED IN FLAGS.

The Remains of Gen. Wheeler Taken to Washington.

An imposing Military Pageant Escorted the Body to the Church in New York When Brief Services Were Held.

New York, Jan. 29.—An imposing military pageant passing across Brooklyn bridge, brief services at St. Thomas Episcopal church in Fifth avenue and an escort across the North river ferry to Jersey City, where the body was placed on a train to be taken to Washington for interment in the national cemetery at Arlington, marked the funeral in this city Sunday of Brig. Gen. Jos. Wheeler, cavalry leader of the Confederacy, and later one of the most prominent figures among the generals of the Spanish-American war.

The body of the dead soldier was wrapped in the flags under which he had served with almost equal vigor and distinction—the stars and bars of the Confederate states and the stars and stripes; relating to drainage of public lands, and providing for payment thereof; (majority report) providing for the election of road supervisors, instead of by appointment. The resolution authorizing the printing of bills by the house was reported favorably: Empowering fiscal courts to levy tax to pay for turnpikes; prohibiting adulteration of timber seed; relating to drainage of public lands, and providing for payment thereof; (majority report) providing for the election of road supervisors, instead of by appointment. The resolution authorizing the printing of bills by the house was reported favorably: Empowering fiscal courts to levy tax to pay for turnpikes; prohibiting adulteration of timber seed; relating to drainage of public lands, and providing for payment thereof; (majority report) providing for the election of road supervisors, instead of by appointment. The resolution authorizing the printing of bills by the house was reported favorably: Empowering fiscal courts to levy tax to pay for turnpikes; prohibiting adulteration of timber seed; relating to drainage of public lands, and providing for payment thereof; (majority report) providing for the election of road supervisors, instead of by appointment.

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The funeral took place from the home of Gen. Wheeler's sister, Mrs. Sterling Smith, in Brooklyn, where Gen. Wheeler died on Thursday of pneumonia.

A riderless horse with boots reversed in the stirrups and a cavalry sword dangling from the saddle was led just behind the caisson.

The church edifice was thronged.

The funeral services were simple and brief. The altar of the church was almost blotted beneath the floral offerings, one among them, a great wreath sent by President Roosevelt.

THE INDICTED PACKERS.

The Question of Immunity From Criminal Prosecution Must Be Tried.

Chicago, Jan. 29.—That the question of the indicted packers' immunity from prosecution must be tried on the facts became a practical certainty Sunday when the last effort of the opposing attorneys to reach an agreement by which the matter might be expedited failed. The hearing that now becomes necessary will involve the taking of a large volume of testimony and will last for perhaps three weeks. Had an agreement been reached, a plea for the defendant packers would have been made to which the government would have fled a demurrer. On this demurrer the attorneys would have argued before Judge Humphrey with no testimony and without jury.

FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP:

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, Signed the So-Called \$75,000,000 Ordinance.

Chicago, Jan. 29.—I have appended my signature to the municipal ownership measure recently passed by the city council and am resting content in the belief that my plans for the municipalization of the Chicago street car lines will be realized before my present term of office ended."

Mayor Dunne made the foregoing announcement. He said he had signed the so-called \$75,000,000 ordinance Saturday night while lying ill at his home in the belief that it was necessary for him to sign the ordinance within ten days from the date of passage in order that they might become law under the provisions of the city charter.

That legal obstacles will be placed in the way of the consummation of his plan is anticipated by Mayor Dunne.

A SUBWAY SYSTEM.

Application Will Be Made To the Chicago Council For a Franchise.

Chicago, Jan. 29.—Application will be made to the city council by the Chicago Central Suburban Railroad Co. for a 50 year franchise for ten-mile subway system for passenger traffic under Chicago's downtown streets. The company was organized in 1894 with a capital of \$15,000,000 and a franchise was asked for at that time, but the council refused to grant it.

